

## A MOTHER'S SONG.

While you sleep, I—watching—hear,  
Little hearts, how strong you beat  
With the pure young life-blood, sweet,  
Unpolluted yet by fear;  
Till my own proud pulses leap,  
While you sleep.

Mid behind the fast-closed eyes  
What entranced dreams must lie!  
Many a lovely fantasy  
Velled from us who are grown wise—  
We, who sometimes watch and weep  
While you sleep.

Little hands, that closely hold  
Favorite toys which soothed your rest;  
Here a doll clasped to the breast,  
There a book with tale of old—  
All your treasure safe to keep,  
While you sleep.

While you sleep, the calm dark night  
Passes by so cruelly fast.  
Little hearts! Time seems so vast,  
Love is fain to hold you tight.  
One more kiss, away I creep  
While you sleep.

—Constance Farmer, in Chambers' Journal.

## BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,  
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S  
QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD  
BLAKE," Etc.

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## CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Yet she had herself said many times during her college course in the study of social economies that service was a noble thing. And, as she went up to her room that night after a long and tender conference with her mother, in which the two had grown nearer together than ever before, she seemed to call to mind the many passages of the New Testament which speak of Jesus not only as a household servant but even as a "bond servant." And it came to her with heaven-born courage that if the Son of God became "full grown" through His sufferings endured in ministering to others, why might it not be the way in which she and all other of God's children should develop their real lives and grow into power as kings and queens in the Kingdom? It is doubtful if ever before that evening Barbara had caught a real glimpse of the meaning of service. She did catch something of it now. She opened her New Testament, and it was not by chance that she turned to the passage in Luke, twenty-second chapter:

"And there arose also a contention among them which of them is accounted to be the greatest. And He said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them; and they that have authority over them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve. For which is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am in the midst of you as he that serveth. But ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom even as my Father appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom." (Luke 22:24-29.)

Then she knelt and prayed:  
"Dear Lord, make me fit to serve, use me to the glory of Thy kingdom in the new life before me. Make me worthy to be a servant, to be like my Master. Amen."

So Barbara Clark began her new experience, which profoundly affected not only her own life for all time to come, but the lives of very many other souls in the world. And that night she slept the sleep which belongs to all the children of the kingdom, whose earthly peace is as the peace of God.

## CHAPTER II.

## IT IS SWEET TO TOIL.

It was four weeks after Barbara Clark had been at work as a "hired girl" in the Ward family. She was sitting in her little room at the back of the house, writing a letter to one of her classmates in Mt. Holyoke. She wrote slowly, with many grave pauses and with an anxious look on her face.

"The fact is, Jessie," the letter went on, after several pages describing a part of the four weeks' experience, "I have come to the conclusion that I am not born to be a reformer. It was all very well when we studied social economies to have our heroic ideals about putting certain theories into practice, but it is quite another thing to do it. I thought when I came here that I might do some great things; but there are no great things about it, just nothing but drudgery, and thankless drudgery at that. And yet Mrs. Ward—but I must not say any more about her. I have stayed out my mouth as I agreed to do, and to-morrow I am going to let her know that I can't stay any longer. I think I shall try a place in Bondman's after all. It seems like a poor sort of position, after all the dreams we had at Mount Holyoke; but anything is better than what I have been doing. I would not have mother know this, and I have not said as much to her yet. Poor mother! She must be disappointed in me. I am in myself. I am glad you are so well suited with your school. There is a good deal of the blues in this letter; and, to tell the truth, it is just as I feel. 'A Hired Girl for Four Weeks.' How would it read as a title to a magazine article? I might get a few dollars for my experiences if I chose to exploit them. Instead of that, I have given them to you gratis. Shed a tear for me, Jessie, over the grave of my little, useless experiment in practical economies. Your classmate, BARBARA CLARK."

Barbara wearily folded the letter, put it in the envelope, directed it, stamped it; and then, being hardly more than a girl, and a very tired girl, and at the moment one disappointed with herself and all the world, she laid her head down on the little table and cried hard. To tell the truth, it was not the first time that the little table in the little room at the back of the house had seen Barbara's tears since she had come to work at Mrs. Richard Ward's as a "hired girl."

So this was the end of all her heroic enthusiasm for service. It had all turned out in disappointment. To begin with, the weather had been intensely hot all the time. The work was harder in many ways than Barbara had anticipated. Her mother had not been well. One week Mrs.

Ward had gone to bed with a succession of nervous headaches. And so on with ceaseless recurrence of the drudgery that grew more and more tiresome. At the end of the month Barbara had summed up everything and resolutely concluded to leave.

She had not yet gathered courage to tell Mrs. Ward. The woman had been very kind to her in many ways. But she was not well, and there were days when things had occurred that almost sickened Barbara when she recalled them. When she went downstairs the next morning after writing the letter to her former classmate, Barbara had fully made up her mind, not only to give notice of her intention to leave, but to give Mrs. Ward all her reasons why she could not work as a "hired girl" any longer. About ten o'clock in the forenoon Mrs. Ward came into the kitchen for something, and Barbara, with a feeling that was almost fear, spoke to her as she was turning to go back into the dining-room.

"I ought to tell you, Mrs. Ward, that I have decided to leave you. My month is up to-day, and I—"

Mrs. Ward looked at her in amazement.

"What! You are going to leave? Why, we are more than satisfied with you!"

"But I am not with you or the place!" replied Barbara, so spiritedly that it was the nearest to an exhibition of anger that Mrs. Ward had ever seen in her, during the whole month.

Mrs. Ward sunk down in a chair, and a look of despair came over her face as she looked at Barbara. Barbara, with a white face and trembling hands, went on with her work at the table. She was preparing some dish for baking.

"Why—what—haven't we been kind to you? Haven't the wages—Mr. Ward was saying to me this morning that we ought to give you more. I am sure," Mrs. Ward continued eagerly, noting Barbara's set expression, "I am sure we would be glad to make it four and a half a week, or possibly five."

"It's not that," answered Barbara, in a low voice. She took up the dish and put it in the oven, and then, after a moment of hesitation, she sat down and looked at Mrs. Ward very gravely.

"What is it, then?" Mrs. Ward asked hopelessly.

"Do you want me to tell you all the reasons I have for leaving?" Barbara asked the question with a touch of the feeling she had already shown.

"Have you made out a list?" Mrs. Ward asked carelessly. It was that characteristic of the woman that had often tried Barbara.

"Yes, I have," replied Barbara; and she added, with a different tone, as if she had suddenly put a check on her temper: "Mrs. Ward, I don't want to leave you without giving you good reasons. That would not be fair, either to you or to me."

"I ought to know," replied Mrs. Ward, slowly. She still looked at Barbara sharply, and Barbara could not tell exactly what the woman was really thinking.

"Then, in the first place," began Barbara, "my room is the hottest room in the house. It is right over the kitchen, it has no good ventilation, and it is not attractive in any way as a room at the close of a hard day's work."

"It is the room my girls have always had," Mrs. Ward spoke quickly and angrily.

"Maybe that is one reason you have had so many," said Barbara, grimly. The memory of the hot nights spent in the little back room framed Barbara's answer.

Mrs. Ward started to her feet. "This is impertinence," she said, while her cheeks grew red with anger.

"It is the truth! You asked me to give my reasons for leaving. That is one of them," replied Barbara, calmly. "It is true of a good many other houses in Crawford, too. The smallest, least attractive, poorest room in the house is considered good enough for the girl. I know it isn't true of a great many houses that furnish as comfortable a room for the servant as for any other member of the family. But it is true of this house. I am not blaming you for it, but whoever made the house for the express purpose of planning to give the hired girl of the house that particular room, which in this case happens to be the hottest, most uncomfortable room in the building."

Mrs. Ward sat down, and again looked at Barbara keenly. Her anger vanished suddenly, and she said, with a faint smile: "I don't know but you are right about that. Will you go on?"

"In the second place," Barbara

went on, slowly, "I have not had any regular hours of work. Four nights this week I worked until ten o'clock. Three nights last week I sat up until 11 with the children while you and Mr. Ward went to entertainments or were out to dinner."

"But what shall we do?" Mrs. Ward suddenly cried out despairingly. "Some one must stay with the children. And Mr. Ward and I have social duties we cannot neglect. I am sure we go out very little compared with other people."

"I can't answer your questions," Barbara replied. "But I know one reason why I feel like leaving is because I never know whether my work is going to end at eight or nine or ten or eleven o'clock. There is no regular hours of labor in a hired girl's life, in this house."

"Neither are there any regular hours of labor in a mother's life in a home," said Mrs. Ward, quietly. "Is your burden harder than mine? Or is it any harder than your own will be if you ever have a home and children as I have?"

The sudden question smote Barbara as a new one, and in a moment she felt conscious of an unthought-of problem in the social economies of housekeeping. She had not thought it all out, as she had told her mother. If the home life was never to be free from the necessary drudgery of life, why should she complain if in the course of service in a family exact hours and limits of service could not very well be determined? She was somewhat troubled in her mind to have the question thrust upon her just now. She was not prepared for it.

"In any case," she finally said, reluctantly, "the hours are so long and so uncertain that—"

"But you have Thursday afternoon and nearly all of Sunday. You have more real leisure than I have."

"But you would not be willing to change places with me?" Barbara asked, looking at Mrs. Ward doubtfully.

"It is not a question of changing places. I simply want you to see that in the matter of time you are not abused. But go on with the other reasons." And Mrs. Ward folded her hands in her lap with a resigned air that made Barbara wince a little, for what she was going to say next would in all probability anger her.

"Another reason why I have decided to leave is the Sunday work. During the four Sundays I have been here you have invited in several friends to Sunday dinner. This makes Sunday morning my hardest day."

"It has happened so this last month, that is true," Mrs. Ward confessed reluctantly; "but it has been rather unusual. In three instances I remember the gentlemen invited were particular business friends of Mr. Ward, and he was anxious to please them, and invited them home with him from church rather than send them to a hotel. But such social courtesies are a part of a man's home life. What shall he do? Never invite a friend home to dinner for fear of giving the girl a little extra trouble?"

"I don't mind it during the week," Barbara replied, thoughtfully, "but it does not seem to me to be just the thing on Sunday. A good many families make it a rule not to have extra Sunday dinners. Do you think it is quite fair?"

"We haven't time to discuss it. Go on," Mrs. Ward answered, not sharply, as Barbara thought she might. There were traces of tears in the older woman's eyes that disarmed Barbara at once. The excitement of her nervous tension was beginning to subside, and the attempt to narrate her grievances in their order was helping her to see them in their just light. Besides, Barbara had received some new ideas since she sat down to give her reasons for leaving. The next time she spoke it was with a feeling of doubt as to her position.

"There is another thing that I have felt a good deal, Mrs. Ward. You have asked me to give reasons. You will not think me rude if I go on?"

"I asked you to go on," Mrs. Ward replied, smiling feebly.

"Well, during the four weeks I have been in the family, you have never invited me to come into the family worship, and you have never asked me to go to church with you, although I told you when I came that I was a member of a Christian Endeavor society in Fairview before we moved to Crawford. I don't mind so much being left out of the church services, but I cannot get over the feeling that as long as I am a hired servant I have no place, so far as my religious life is concerned, in the family where I serve."

Contrary to Barbara's expectation, Mrs. Ward did not reply at once; and, when she did, her voice was not angry. It was, rather, a sorrowful statement that gave Barbara reason to ask herself still other questions.

"There are some places in a family that are sacred to itself. Mr. Ward has always said that he thought the hour of family devotions was one of the occasions when a family had a right to be all by itself. Of course, if friends or strangers happen to be present in the home, they are invited into this inner circle, but not as a right, only as a privilege. We have had so many girls in the house who for one reason and another would not come into worship, even if asked, that for several years we have not asked them. But the main reason is Mr. Ward's. Is there to be no specially consecrated hour for the family in its religious life? Is it selfish to wish for one spot in the busy day sacred to the home circle alone?"

Barbara was silent. "I have not wished to intrude into your family life. I only felt hungry at times to be recognized as a religious being with the rest of you. Would my occasional presence have totally destroyed the sacred nature of your family circle?"

"Q. I don't know that it would,"

asked Mrs. Ward. "I have only given you Mr. Ward's reason. He feels quite strongly about it. As to the church. Do you think I ought to invite my servant to go with me?"

"I would if you were working for me," replied Barbara, boldly, for she was on sure ground now, to her own mind.

"Are you sure?"

"I know I would," Barbara replied, with conviction.

Mrs. Ward did not answer, but sat looking at Barbara thoughtfully. Barbara rose and looked into the oven, changed a damper, and then went over to the table and stood leaning against it.

"Your other reasons for leaving?" Mrs. Ward suddenly asked. As she asked it, Carl came into the kitchen and went up to Barbara.

"I want a pie. Make me a pie, Barbara, won't you?" he asked, climbing up into a chair at the end of the table and rubbing his hands into the flour still on the kneading-board.

Barbara smiled at him, for they were good friends, and she had grown very fond of the child.

"Yes, if your mother thinks best and you will sit down there like a good boy and wait a little." Carl at once sat down, only begging that he might have the dish that Barbara had used to mix eggs and sugar in.

"I have told nearly all the reasons, I think," Barbara answered slowly, and she turned toward Mrs. Ward. "Of course, there is always the reason of the social loss. I don't know any of the young women in Crawford; but, if I did, I do not think that any of those who have money or move in social circles would speak to me or recognize me for myself if they ever knew I was a servant."

Mrs. Ward did not answer. Barbara silently confronted her for a moment, and it was very still in the kitchen except for the beating of Carl's spoon on the inside of the cake-dish.

"And then, of course, I see no opportunity ever to be anything but a hired girl. How long would you want me to work for you, Mrs. Ward, as I have been doing for the last four weeks?"

"Indefinitely, I suppose," answered Mrs. Ward, frankly.

[To Be Continued.]

## SULPHUR MATCH WON BATTLE

An Interesting Incident of the Battle Between the Germans and French at Gravelotte.

It is said that at the battle of Gravelotte, during the Franco-Prussian war, there was for some hours at a critical point of the field an appearance of greater success on the part of the French than of the Germans. Von Moltke had been made aware of the perilous position of his forces in that quarter, and he hurried to the spot. For some time it was observed by those around him that he appeared much more anxious than usual. He gained a prominent position, where he was greatly exposed to the enemy's fire. He held his cigar between two fingers of his left hand, from time to time striking a fusee and applying it to the weed, but always neglecting to put the cigar between his lips. When the crisis of the day was evidently approaching the last fusee had been burnt, and nothing but the cold ashes of Moltke's cigar remained. At length Bismarck's attention was directed to the great general, upon whose sagacity the fortune of the fight so largely depended. Moving up to him, Bismarck quietly struck a fusee, applied it to Moltke's cigar, and the welcome sight of the blue tobacco smoke curling up from the commander's lips rewarded the attention of the chancellor. Bismarck, drawing back in his solid way, said, with exultation in his voice: "All must now be well. Moltke smokes again." The battle was won.

## Kimberley After the Siege.

A city relieved after a siege is a queer place. Julian Ralph, in "An American with Lord Roberts," says that there never were so few horses in the streets of any modern town as were to be seen in Kimberley, when its four tragic months were over. Of course there were no horses; the people had eaten them. The dogs consisted of bones, with a tongue hanging out. They looked like frames of dogs in process of construction.

The shops were open but the clerks had grown to be as automatic as cuckoo-clocks. Instead of saying: "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" they kept on remarking: "All out, ma'am! All out, sir!" in reference to the necessities of life.

"Milk for my coffee," ordered the new comer.

"The regulars has the only milk there is," replied the restaurant-keeper. "Likewise the jam, and they won't give it up."

"Give me a match," was the next request, and the host replied: "There's the candle. The matches run out in November."

## He Wanted Too Much.

"You say you think your boy has too great an appetite," said the physician to an anxious mother. "Do you realize how much a growing boy can eat?"

"I should think I ought to, if any body does," returned the boy's parent. "I'll just put the case to you, doctor."

"Where we were, up in the mountains, this summer, the waitress would come in and say to my boy: 'We have fried fish, steak and liver and bacon, baked and fried potatoes, rye biscuit, muffins and dry toast.'"

"And that boy Ned would say: 'I'll take it all, please—and some eggs.'"

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